

DERRELL KING

Tape 304

Interviewed by Doris Burton, October 27, 1982

Start about the racing and the horses.

Derrell King (Derrell): Well, we don't have the date but I helped a man by the name of Barker survey that track. His wife was an English teacher in high school and my father had a roan horse that he raced for several years that both my younger sisters learned to ride on that horse.

Doris Burton (DB): This down at the fairgrounds?

Derrell: Yes, I rode that horse every place around the valley, he was just a natural saddle horse, gentle. Some of the early race horses run there was mostly ending horses. Most of the races those days were matched races but there was one ending mare by the name of Grasshopper and a mare from Myton called Ena - merrell. Then Phil Van had horses, that squaw mare, and he had a stallion he called Split-ear. He had both of his ears split. And Roan Pitt's Old Peanuts horse run there. Ford DeJournette had horse there by the name of Folgedy.

DB: Folgedy?

Derrell: Folgedy. He brought him in from Rock Springs. But most of the races, like I said, were matched races. Say on the Fourth, or fair time, they might have a few races, you know, with a small purse. The Burton Brothers, this might be good, Clair and Fritz, a couple of saddle horse that could run pretty good. And they would match them. I bet them horses run together a half dozen times and they would be that much difference. I used to ride that black one for them. I rode races there and I played baseball there. The first year they used to have a baseball field right out in front of the grandstand just across the track. At that time there was only one corral there to put the rodeo horses in, no chutes. They would bring a horse and saddle him right there in front of the grandstand, mount him right there.

DB: How did they have him tied up? Blindfolded or how did they do it?

Derrell: Oh, some of them had a helluva time, you know, about as much fun watching that as was the rodeo. Wylie Mackay was one of the early riders from here there. Sixteen years old and a fellow that was an engineer was named Parker, his wife, Arlene(?)I think he came in.... I think he was working on a road out in the Twist or something. But he (scratched?) and measured, I just helped chain.

DB: Dad [Vic Karren] was telling me the other day about getting the horses up here by the hospital.

Derrell: O yeah, I remember when they ran that. They would start down there by Samuels' old house. There was asphalt pavement across from the middle of where the old Cottage Hotel was, you know, across there, and they would tear them up [the asphalt] for races on the 4th then put them back down. I remember there was a tree across the road there and they had the wires stretched from that tree over to a post.

DB: The line where they ended you mean?

Derrell: Was you there when they had a high diver off from that pole?

Vic Karren (Vic): Yeah.

Derrell: Boy, that something.

DB: What was that?

Vic: They had a little water old hole, not very big, six feet square, not very big, had two telephone poles close together, didn't they, like a hundred feet high. He climbed up there and dove off. It was only about that deep. They had a canvas under that water hole. Was you there the time that fellow was going up in that balloon and it burned up?

Derrell: Yeah, it burned up. I was standing right there by it. I was right there, got burnt, still on fire, you know. They had a fire built, filling it with gas from the fire. Hell, it got on fire and burned up. Some old guys says it looked like your smoke ?. Told that old guy to get out of there, the ones inside testing it or something. And he just barely got out.

One year there when they were roping. Dad roped there. Old Ford Hodge, a fella out from Box Elder,remember those guys catching them old big steers and heeling? Well, that was the way they done it. They didn't rope their head. They roped them big ones and throw them hard enough so they would lay. Three of them. Tom Dustin said we laid them. ? About three of them broke their ribs.

I remember Ford Hodge had that horse of Ward Murray's, Old Nate, and he caught his steer and throwed it and was going to tie it, and old Thorne run out there with his camera, you know, that big old black thing spooked that horse. God, that horse took off and broke the rope. They used to have them boweries made up, they would go out to the creek and get a lot of willers and make shade, you know, so they could stand it. Then they had that old grandstand in there for the rodeos.

I had a fight down there with a Fisher kid. He was about my age and got down in that grandstand and we had quite a battle. I tell you that some kid's mother run that hotel down there across from the Imperial. George, wasn't it? We could tell a book when we get together, couldn't we?

DB: Well, that is what I want.

Derrell: I remember that Lew Ell... ? man, that crazy bugger. Boy, he rode a horse there one day, a bucking horse. He had a blue serge suit of clothes on. Hell, but he stayed on that horse.

DB: Well, how did they do the horses?

Derrell: Oh, they would blindfold them, twist their ear and everything else to get them out there to get them on them. Old Wylie Mackay he was one of the best riders in this country when that was first built. You know, he would get on anything to make a show, whether he got anything out of it or not, he just liked to help the rodeo out. I remember one year, he won a new saddle which was their prize and they had a bucking horse from over on the reservation. The thing had never been rode and the winner had to try that horse and the new saddle. Old Wylie tried it, he didn't stay on very long but he tried.

DB: Did you ever ride?

Derrell: No, no not there. I broke horses on the mountain. No rodeo.

The Allens had racehorses later on. Karl and Lawrence, they had some pretty good horses. Hugh Colton had a Sundance mare that was good. Allens had that Black Beauty mare that they raced here for quite a few years, you know.

DB: I would really like to find a picture of some of the really early races. Have you got anything with you riding anything?

Derrell: No.

DB: The people that lived over here that had the racetrack, what was their name?

Derrell: Gene Daniels.

DB: Daniels.

Derrell: I rode right there, the first race I ever rode. I was eleven years old, and they wanted to tie me on. Some of these people was bettin'. I was just ridin' cerces. Ceres would go around your horse and you would put your knees through it and then tightened it up. It didn't have no jockey strap.

I would either with a cerce-single or just ride bareback. I'd just rather ride bareback when they would let you.

DB: And they wanted to tie you on?

Derrell: Yeah. Some of those guys thought I was too little and couldn't stay on the horse, I guess, and they were bettin' a little. They didn't bet a heck of a lot. You know, in them days, they didn't have the money. But the first race, the first time that horse had ever run in a crowd and, I guess, he was just a little excited. Old Phil Van had a white horse he had a over here and he matched

this race and we got down to this first turn. God, I don't know what happened to cause that horse to do what he did. You never know. But he run right into that combination wire fence right there in back of Dickie's house. Fell in, too. There was a ditch. I think he just stepped into that ditch and fell in. Cut me up a little. This is when I was eleven years old. Boy, my mother was mad, she said that was that last race I ever rode. That was on the 4th of July and I was over in Roosevelt riding in the 24th.

DB: Is there any of these Daniels' still alive? I know you told me that one died.

Derrell: Shirley Daniels just died awhile back and I should have gone to his funeral. But I probably wouldn't 'a never seen anybody I knew there. He was in his 90s. Maybe 90 even.

DB: I have hunted everywhere and I can't find a picture. The oldest one I can find is Lawrence Allen's and I want something early.

Derrell: I bet you Shirley Daniels' wife is still alive. She used to be a schoolteacher over on the reservation. Shirley taught school, I think, over in Mt. Emmons, and then he had ranch over there. Farmed over there for several years till he retired. Taught school in the winter and farmed, too. Then he moved into Salt Lake. His address is in the Salt Lake directory. I tell you, I will call his wife up, she might remember me because one morning when I was working for the forest, I went into Skull Creek campground kind of early in the morning and there was a couple in that first unit and they were packin' up getting ready to leave. They had set a tent up there and they just had a touring car and they didn't have much of an outfit.

I stopped there and was cleaning the grill and things across the road from them when Shirley came over there and started talking to me. You know, it was a funny thing, I hadn't seen that man for, oh, I don't know how long. But that damn voice of his kept bothering me that I ought to know who is was. Then he started telling me about he used to ride all those mountains around there with the Davis boys and Stringhams.

Finally, it come to me. I said, "Aren't you Shirley Daniels?" "Yeah," he says. "Who the hell are you?" That's just what he said. I told him and by gosh we visited there like never before. Tellin' me about his dad and a lot of things. You know, how you talk. Talked about George Wilson and his horses.

They'd give me fifty cents once in a while. Oh, I'd run my pony around the track with them. They would want you to hold them just behind their trottin' horse so it wouldn't discourage them. By gosh, one round you'd have to hold you pony. The next round you couldn't keep up. Them damned trottin' horses were trained.

DB: You and Dad were talking about these pulling matches.

Derrell: Oh, yeah. Oh, who that looks like standing and everything. Looks just like ol' Asher Merkley. I don't if it is or not, but they really used to turn out for that. They would have a bunch of fun, you know.

DB: How did they work that?

Derrell: Oh, they have a darn thing they hook them on. They still have it out to the State Fair. I was going to go down and see it but I didn't. Hell, they had it in the Salt Palace one night. Horses from all over they shipped in there. They have it on a thing that kind of drags and they can keep a-settin' it. Put more weight on it, and they have to drag it so far. By God, just the way that guy's standing, I'd say that was Asher Merkley, but it might not be.

Oh, they used to bring horses here from the over on the reservation. Ol' Archie McConkie used to have quite a pullin' team. But I'd think you could [have] some pictures of that. Someone should have some pictures, maybe not of the races, but some of that rodeo stuff.

DB: I've got a couple of the rodeo.

Derrell: Do they show the contestants, who they are?

DB: No, just shows them riding, but it doesn't show who they are.

Derrell: Then later on, you know, Garr Wright brought horses in here for years. That was a little later when he started bringing a whole bunch in here.

DB: Where did they get their first horses, just anybody that had them?

Derrell: Oh yeah, just everybody. Then they brought one rodeo in one time from out there on Hill Creek or Bitter Creek. Them Hills and Brewers brought a bunch of horses in here. That was one of the early ones. It seems they brought a bunch from Blue Mountain one time. I remember Vic rode down there once, Clark Felch.

DB: Yes, they had those rodeos up on Blue Mountain

Derrell: Yeah. I think they brought their horses down, whoever. It wouldn't take many then, you know.

DB: They used to catch wild horses. Now, I remember Ray Searle was telling me one time they had a contest and everybody would bring them in and they gave this big prize to the one that was supposed to be the best bucking horse. He was telling about Willis Johnson bringing one off from Blue Mountain.

Derrell: Well, I remember Willis had a little horse he tried to run one time, oh they had a fight down there. Willis married my sister. Milt Hacking was down there drinking, he was pretty noisy when he got drunk. Willis and him got in an argument, got in a fight. Willis took care of him in a hurry. Milt was pretty drunk and knocked him down a time or two and he would get up and come back. Then Milt said he was going to go get Orson, Orson Hall, his uncle. He could whip Willis. Willis told him, "Go get him. I could whip any Hall in this valley." I don't know if he could or not, but he made him think so.

DB: That was Willis Johnson?

Derrell: Well, I think ? rode down there one year, too. Some time ago. Jim Nick (Nickells). He rode races there, too, Jim did. He was a good horseman, one of the best.

DB: Well, another thing I wanted to ask you about: do you remember anything about early blacksmith shops?

Derrell: Oh, yes. Hell, I used to, when I was a kid, stop there. Used to have a blacksmith shop right across from the post office. On that corner where that store and service station is.

DB: Yes, that was Hadlock's wasn't it?

Derrell: Hadlock's. Us kids would stop there, you know, and watch them sharpening plows and re-settin' wagon tires and shoeing horses. You know, some of us kids going by there and seeing them sparks flying off that iron and they had that old bellows would take after, what was that Hadlock's name? Anyhow, his dad was there, but those fellows were younger then and they was working at it, helping. But I can remember that Old Man Hadlock always had a big moustache. Right across the road was a church house, First Ward church.

DB: Across the road which way?

Derrell: Well, it was just part of the motel that is now... Where the post office is, it was just east of that, maybe the edge of that, I don't know. It wasn't right on the corner, I remember that. Used to have a white picket fence around it. Old curfew [bell] used to sit right behind it where that parking lot was, right north of the post office. That was where the curfew was in the early days. Then they moved it down.

DB: What do you mean curfew?

Derrell: Well, they used to ring the curfew at nine o'clock at night.

DB: Oh, you mean the bell.

Derrell: Kids were supposed to get home, and then when the World War One quit, they moved it then just down on Main. Right down close to where, oh, a lady, ? used to have a little ol' restaurant there, barbershop. That old livery stable, used to be a livery stable then, Johnny Pope made a garage out of it. Right between that, n there. Me and Clark Coop was down there by the old the tithing office, that brick building where, we was shootin', had flippers and was shooting them swallows' nests down. They had them made all along there. Well, that curfew started ringing, well everybody went to the fire then, we had a fire.

God, we run from there clear to town and the war had ended. That's what is was, World War One had ended. And hell, they had a parade that day and Old Man Witbeck, he knew that one of his boys was killed, but he thought the other one would be coming home. He was leading

the parade. I remember his old white hair and he was really happy that day and by golly, just a few days after... Now, Harold Reader lived just east of the old Witbeck place where Pearl Shimmin still lives. And Harold was telling me that about daylight one morning he heard Mr. Witbeck coming down there crying and he just got word by telegram or something that the other boy was killed. Kit. Dal was killed first, then the one they called Kit. I think that was a nickname, Kit. That was the only name I knew him by. That is where they got the name of the Witbeck Post in the [American] Legion thing. Because of them two boys being killed. Well, sure it is. Was it called the Witbeck Post right at first? Still is, isn't it? Well, that's where it come from.

DB: I didn't know that. That's interesting.

Derrell: Well, that's right. I remember the boys. You know, it used to be different. Of course, everyone is. But they would be maybe half a dozen, maybe ten or twelve guys go at one time. They would have a big rally downtown, you know. Old Tom McDonald was quite an orator. He was a lawyer, and, boy, he would get up on there and have a one man flat top hayrack with the speakers on, you know, and they generally had a song or two and generally at night is when they left. I don't remember anyone leaving in the daytime, but they was somebody, a stage, I think, used to take them. A big ol' Buick car, you know, that was on the stage line then. They would take them out.

But the people would turn out. A big crowd would turn out, you know, to bid them good-bye. And today, you never hear nothing about it. They are gone. Clyde Coop went. Clyde Coop was the first one. He wasn't overseas, he died somewhere in the east. Oh, I don't know, flu or some darn thing. They shipped his body back and I remember they had his funeral up in the tabernacle. You know, there wasn't that many people here, but they were all there. People were a lot more patriotic them days than they are today. He was the first one. 'Course, he wasn't killed, but he died, there was a lot of them. You take that book, take a lot of them.

DB: My Uncle Loren Karren went to it.

Derrell: Well, it shows you a lot of them that was killed, you know. Have you ever seen my yearbook?

DB: Yes.

Derrell: It shows Tom in there, Tom Karren. Boy, I looked at that class I was in and there is a heck of lot of them dead that I know of and probably some I don't know of. You know, they lost track, left here.

DB: Well. was there any more blacksmith shops besides that one?

Derrell: There was two Hadlocks had shops at one time. One was a one arm guy, Frank, I think his name was. He wasn't a full brother to these others, but he was related. Who else had a blacksmith shop? There was one up there in Maeser. Wasn't it that Hyrum Brown's dad?

DB: Where was that at, do you know?

Derrell: Well, I think he had right there at his home. Well, I'll tell you, Colliers had one down there in Naples, Old Drew Collier.

DB: Yes, that is still standing down there.

Derrell: Well, he had one. I don't remember one before that.

DB: Somebody said a Burton had one over back behind in there where Ashton's parking lot is where the Green Stamp Store was.

Derrell: Yeah.

DB: But it is no relation to us. I don't know who it was.

Derrell: I don't know either. Hadlocks moved over there, Carl Hadlock, that's who we were trying to think of a while ago. Later years, he had one over there. His brother helped him a lot of the time. Hell, what was that brother's name? He sheared sheep for years. But there was a picture in the paper not too long ago where they had this big run in Salt Lake, no a bicycle race, that's what it was, and there was a Hadlock with the same name and he looked just like him. I bet, by hell, that's his boy. I was going call up the place and ask them just for fun and I didn't.

DB: I read somewhere that Jeremiah Hatch, of course, that was before you time, he was a blacksmith.

Derrell: He could have been. I think they had a little blacksmith shop down there in Jensen. That old man, oh, that old log house just up this way across from old... Oh, gosh, he lived here in the valley, Harden Nelson, I believe had a shop right there. I don't know that for sure, it seems to me like he did.

DB: I can check that out.

Derrell: Old Joe Haslem would know.

DB: The other thing I wanted to ask you about was saloons.

Derrell: Well, I was pretty young. The first year we were in Vernal there was a saloon right there where Christensen's store is now. It was a little log building with one of those false fronts, you know, high, and we lived just below there, pretty close to where Bud's place is now. We ? from Hy Meeks. I think maybe we just had a couple of rooms, rented from him that winter. Anyhow, I was just a little ol' kid up there on the street and a dog took after me there by that saloon and chased me down the sidewalk and bit me on the hand a little bit, or on the leg or something. I

know it scared the hell out of me. Dad was going to go kill that dog and they had quite an argument there with somebody. I don't who it was. But I remember when that used to be there. That was the only saloon I remember.

DB: You don't know the name of it?

Derrell: No. That old saloon used to be there by where the Walker Bank is [corner of Main and 100 West]. I remember that building, but I don't remember it ever being open. Overholt's, I think, was the name of that one.

DB: Yes, I've read about the Overholt's.

Derrell: And they had another one right there on Main Street along about where...

DB: There was one called Little Chicago.

Derrell: Yeah.

DB: Then Jorgensen had one, I understand, somewhere along there.

Derrell: He just had a beer joint, that was after Prohibition. He had it right there by where Sam Snyder is now. (Looking at pictures.) Commercial Hotel is the name of the hotel.

DB: Here is a picture of the Commercial Club, now that is a different one isn't it?

Derrell: This Ashton Hardware, was that where the Bank of Vernal is?

Derrell: No, it was right straight across the road from where Ashton's is now.

DB: Oh, on the other side of the street.

Derrell: Yeah. Then Ashton had a lumberyard in back, in there where is sold lumber and plumbing, pipe and stuff. Right here where this little ol' awning is. You see, that building don't go up quite as high as those others. That was Irvin Eaton's butcher shop. And there was a road through here, before John Jorgensen ever had that. There used to be an old lady there, name of Donahue, ran a little café in there. Old Doc Hirth and Meagher and them old people always ate in there. I ate in there a time or two.

DB: Now, that says Bank of Vernal there.

Derrell: I remember bacon and eggs. Bank of Vernal, when I first knew, was right there where Thorne's is. Right there, maybe there where that electric shop is.

DB: Really? So, I was all turned around. I thought this was the other side of the street.

Derrell: No, that old lady, I remember, you could go there and get bacon and eggs for thirty five cents. I went in there and done sometimes. Then it wasn't anybody had plumbing in their house, much, you know. The barbershop, they would charge you two bits for a bath.

DB: I know one of these pictures had a building that said Bath on it.

Derrell: Yeah. I'd come from the sheep camp and went down there and took a bath. Hair cut fifty cents, seventy-five.

DB: Was this a private club?

Derrell: Yeah, was supposed to be. There was a stairway right here went up. Old man Tyzack used to have his offices up in there. You know, what do you call it 'em, one that makes all the deeds and mortgages and things? Same business that Spot Johnson was in.

DB: Abstracts?

Derrell: Yeah. That's was he was. Well, I could tell you a story. When I was just a kid, me and my dad was in here, in Ashton's, and old Les Ashton gave me one of them pocketknives, you know. You wore bib overalls, had a little chain on and a thing that hooked on here and went down in your pocket. He gave me one of them pocketknives. Well, [I had it] for several years and when I was working for Harold Reader, Rae Ashton was running the store across the road then, and he closed this one up and moved across the road, you know. I went in there one time and needed a pocketknife, so Rae, he just had a bunch in the drawer and he just put the drawer out there and told me to pick me one out that I wanted. I went to pay for it and he wouldn't take anything. He give it to me. Well, that went on and when Stew—I was working for Perry Olsen—I went in there one day to buy a knife and he give me one. There was three generations of Ashtons that give me a pocketknife. I ought to go down there and tell that young Ashton now and maybe I could another one! That is a true story, by golly. That was quite a a... I don't know what you would call it.

There is some of those old Buicks. Old highway, old wooden spokes. I betcha them Buicks. I wish they took pictures closer. A person could probably pick out some people he knew on there. Have you ever seen that picture of the history where they show that Doughboy in the middle of town? Oh, Tom O'Donnell and Doc Hirth and an old man that used to live up through the lot from our place where that drugstore is now, Minick, that was his name, ol' man Minick, he's in that picture and George Goodrich, he was in the first war, World War One veterans. His picture is in there. I know a lot of them. There is one I don't know. I can't figure him out. That piece, don't know who he is.

I remember Mr. Meagher, he was quite an athlete, you know. They had tennis courts back in behind where the post office is, north there now. They had a couple of tennis courts. Meagher used to be one of the top players. Sybil Woodard and Avis Johnson used to be the best lady players. Never forget Mr. Meagher when we lived up there where the old place is. Every night you would see him walk up to that corner and he would fast come right to that corner and

turn around and walk back. You could just about set your clock on him, the way he would come there. I've seen that a lot of times, from that old red planing mill, used to be right across there, George Johnston's father had it.

DB: Where was that at exactly?

Derrell: Right where that service station is now. Big red planing mill.

DB: Right there on the corner?

Derrell: Yeah. That whole lot was Johnston's. The first house that ever cut into Johnston's place was that old ? right there where Alexander had it. He took ? but Hugh Colton's dad built that house, moved from Maeser down there and built that house. It went on several years then till Annie Moore was built in there, I think. Right across from our place was all field. I used to hang around with them Johnston boys a lot, ride their hay horse.

You see that picture about George and that first table he ever made. I remember that table just as plain as can be. Me and George were talking about it. I told him, right when it was sitting in his mother's house when he first built it. He built it on the mountain in an old bunkhouse and he didn't have any clamps to hold it together when he was gluing the top. You see, the top is out of red cedar. I can't remember how he told me he fixed that to hold it tight. He must have done it with ropes or wire or something. It used to sit by their front window. That house caught on fire one time, partly burned up, then they remodeled it. That fellow that shot himself...

DB: Rust?

Derrell: Yeah. They lived right there next to George. George, his father, homesteaded that and George has never lived another place in his life. They had a great big barn right in there just a big corral where George's house is now and come right out to the street. A big corral and a big barn. See, his father used to haul... They would saw their lumber up on the mountain and they would haul it down. Some of it they would plane down in their old planing mill. He had a lot of teams, about three teams.

I went down to visit George a while back; we were talking about that. I was telling him those horses' names. He wondered how the hell I remember that. You can still see them tracks if you look when you get up on Windy Point going to the mountain. You look right straight up that ridge to the right and you will see just where they used to come down off there with their loads of lumber. Had to rough-lock them wheels, tie the hind wheels with chains so they would just slide and wouldn't turn. Well that's where they come. That's where they hauled it down. It was rough and rocky. They would come in right by that spring, right there at the bottom of that dugway, you know. We used to camp there and water the teams. They had a hole dug out. Old George could tell you a lot of things. He would be a good one to talk to someday. Go look at all that stuff.

DB: I've seen his stuff.

Derrell: He took me in his house and I liked to never got away from him. He had that house just as clean and straight as could be.

DB: He brought a lot of those things down and put them in a display case at the library. In fact, he even gave me a pot.

Derrell: Yeah. Lynn's got one he gave him made out of a quaker. He hollowed it out. He showed me a lot of them little pieces he's got of wood. He's got wood from foreign countries and everything else people sent him, and he has sent for, I guess. I don't know. He sure is an interesting guy to talk too. He sure makes some interesting things.

DB: Well, in the later days, after Prohibition, when you could get beer?

Derrell: Well, one of the first ones was Guy Samuels and Al Hatch had right there where, well, that building is tore down, but it was fastened onto the back the end of the bank, Bank of Vernal, used to be Calder's Confectionery, used to be in one of them buildings. That was a long time after.

DB: What was it called? Do you remember?

Derrell: I can't remember. Guy's wife would remember. Guy was in there first with it, and Al Hatch had one just on the other side a little later, then he moved across the street over in there by where that cleaners is, someplace in there. No it wasn't either. It was in that same building that Christensen's is in because there was an upstairs in it. I remember that. They used to dance up there. That WPA and all that was on, you know, they used to give flour and stuff away and a lot of them guys would take it right over to trade it to old Al—Al was bootleggin', too—trade it for whiskey. I had a bunch of sheep I was running then and old Al sold me two or three sacks of flour one time, at half price or something.

Jorgensen had a beer joint. I never knew Jorgensen having any saloon before Prohibition. He used to have some rooms upstairs there, that was the Commercial Club up there. Then it moved there on Vernal Avenue, just, well, that old building joined on the bank there before Hunt Watkins built that building.

DB: What was Hunt's called? There was one called the Brown Derby and one called the Thirst Parlor.

Derrell: Hunt's was called the Shamrock.

DB: Where was the Brown Derby and Thirst Parlor? I can remember those names.

Derrell: It seemed to me that it was over there before Bud's. Then the Thirst Parlor was Jorgensen's.

I'm pretty sure it was Jorgensen's Thirst Parlor. Guy Samuels bought it. Jay Sharp bought it from Mrs. Jorgensen. Then Jay got out and let him, Stub, own it.

DB: Stub who?

Derrell: Ren Samuels. We called him Stub. That was his nickname. Then Old Jess tried to sell his part of it at that time and so did Ren. He tried to talk me into buying. Hell, I'd go crazy in a place like that. I didn't want any of that.

DB: Do you remember any human interest stories that may have happened in the saloons, you know, that would make a good story?

Derrell: Well, I remember them old Mantles used to be there. I used to kid Al Hatch. We'd go there in the morning and he would set drinks up, you know, set two or three up, he told me afterwards, "Hell, that's the way to get 'em loosened up." Give them a few big drinks and then he'd start cutting down on the drinks and sellin' it to them and probably watering it more, too. He used to brag about that.

Then I used to kid him about him taking such a big rake-off on the poker games. I said, "Wouldn't it be better if maybe you'd just take ten percent?" Bought five dollars worth of chips or ten dollars, give him nine. Instead of reaching in there all the time. "Ah," he said, "They don't mind." He said, "The one that wins the pot's so darn glad to get it that the ones that lost don't give a damn who got it." They'd reach in and just robbed them guys on them rake-offs. Two or three times sometimes.

DB: What would they do? Just take something or whatever?

Derrell: Yeah. Take a few chips. You didn't have money out on the table, you had chips. Old N.S. Hatch had it pretty slick. He'd reach over there and get some and then he would make a couple of better ones, worth more. I seen him do it one day. I was in the game and just reached over and jerked his hand up and exposed it and, of course, he claimed it was a mistake, you know. It wasn't no mistake. I just cashed in and left. I don't like to play cards with anybody you have to watch all the time. I'm not a good enough player.

DB: Did they play for big stakes?

Derrell: Oh, they did at times. You see, John Jorgensen used to herd sheep in the summer time and then in the winter time he'd come in there and he had rooms, a couple of rooms, up over ... well, it wasn't the bank. The first thing I remember in there was a drugstore. Anyhow, he had rooms, the stairs going up there. The Commercial Club was on one side and old John, they had a couple of pool tables in there.

DB: Now, is that when it was here or when it was on Vernal Avenue?

Derrell: No, on Vernal Avenue. It was right back, joined right on the back of the Bank of Vernal. They had a wooden staircase you went up into the second story.

DB: So it would have been right along in there by the Shamrock, somewhere?

Derrell: Yeah, just before you get to the Shamrock. John, he'd open up a poker game up there in the winter. He was getting by with it because there wasn't supposed to be gambling them days. There was, and I think he bootlegged a little, too. John was quite an artist. Did you know that? Oh, God, he could draw. I bet I could still find some of them pictures up on in McKee Draw, East McKee, where they carved on them big quaker trees. A lot of them, his main ones, were horses and he'd draw a picture of a bear on them trees. Sometimes they would be standing on their hind legs and others times they wouldn't. Them pictures used to be there a long time ago. I don't know whether you could find one now or not. But he was quite an artist, just natural, you know, he never took a lesson in his life. He was quite a character, John was.

There is a fellow, I wonder now, on the news, he gives the sports news, Salt Lake, named Mark Box. Have you ever heard him announce the sports news? Well, his dad, that was all he done was gamble. Kind of a ? gambler. One time they raided one of these places here and pinched him and they had a women jury. I remember Mrs. White was one of them. And she said, " 'Course he's guilty or else they wouldn't have arrested him." He never had a chance in God's world getting out of it.

They left here and went to Price and, well, I went to school with Ora Box, that was their daughter, in high school. Her picture is in that yearbook of mine. But that odd name, like that, I remember, Ora Box, that was just the shortest name I ever heard. But this guy, I been going to try and call up and see if he... I betcha old Mark Box is probably his grandfather 'cause I know there was two or three younger boys, younger than Ora. They went to Price. I guess he would be dead by now. He and Bert Singleton was gamblers and John Jorgensen.

DB: Bert Singleton, did he ever own one of those?

Derrell: I don't know he ever owned in one. He was around them a lot. He was a bartender. He used to live right there going to Maeser. An old log house. Marv Singleton, you've heard of him? He married a Merkley girl. They finally built a new house, Bert did. That old log house is still behind there. It was the last time I noticed there up along that road.

Bert died before his wife did. She was a Vernon. A sister to Bill and Andrew Vernon. You ride around now, there are so damn many houses you can't [find one]. Kind of confusing to me when I first came in here in last spring in April. Hell, around Main Street I was just plain lost. I went in and jumped on Sam Snyder in his store and said, "By God, Sam, since they put in a mayor, you dug this town up and just ruined it." He just stood there with a big grin on his face. I said, "Hell, I can't even find my way up Main Street and [I was] raised here."

DB: I can remember back when I was kid. 'Course I've never been in a saloon or pool hall but, you know, we'd always look in as we'd go by and there would always be some of these old Indians or old, creepy ladies, you know. Was it always that way, clear back early? Was there women ever in them then?

Derrell: Well, I don't know a long time ago. I guess there was. These big ones. They had dance halls. They had an old pioneer bar on up in Leadville. I've been in that and they had. 'Course Leadville, they made a lot of whiskey in Leadville, back in bootleg days though. But they still

had girls in there to dance or want you to buy them drinks. But they wasn't drinkin' whiskey, God they couldn't stood on their feet and drink as much... Tea, I think, is what they were drinking.

DB: I saw that on TV, but I wondered if these around always had women in them?

Derrell: Not that I know of. Over in Jorgensen's there used to be some go in there, Mary Cloward and Mary Siddoway, I've seen her a lot of times. Some like that maybe. A lot of them squaws spending their Indian money. Would they just be in there to get them some drinks or were they

prostitutes? No they were just drinkin. I don't know. Oh, Stub Samuels, he used to shack with some of them squaws. He said, I don't know. Jess York was telling me he and Alice went up there one night and decided to go down, they kind of cleaned it up, and decided they would go down and clean up that night instead going down in the morning when it was all closed up and everything and old Stub, he told one of them squaws back there. They went in the back door. Jess told me about that. I guess they're both in bad shape, Jess and Alice, they have emphysema real bad. They had it ten years ago bad when they were living up to Dutch John, I couldn't understand it. Say they couldn't quit [smoking], they couldn't quit. I told them that was bull. I knew damn well they could quit if they wanted.

Jess would just make himself suffer, he would quit for a week or ten days, you know, then when they started again, they would smoke heavier than ever. That's the trouble. They tell me they are living in an apartment up here now, right behind, oh that shopping center just above Woodey's deal. I think Bert Angus built that apartment up there. Somebody was telling me that was where they lived. I went up there last Monday to that Old Age Center. Gosh, I haven't seen any of them. Old Perc Oaks and his wife been wantin' me to go there every time I been out here and finally I went up there with them the other day. You know, I can go up town and stand around for a half a day and never see anyone I know. Gosh, in there I knew I a lot of them. Some of them I forgot their name but...

Doris: Yeah, they really turn out there. That's a nice place, I think.

Derrell: It sure is, and by golly it's a dollar and a quarter for your dinner.

DB: Isn't that something, and boy, they really put on a feast. I've eaten there because we've gone up there and entertained.

Derrell: You could have gone back and got another load if you didn't have enough and some people did. Then after the big meal, they had ice cream and apple turnovers. I didn't go get any of that, I was already full, and I eat too much, it doesn't sit just right anyhow. I feel better if I don't eat too much. I was real glad I went. I seen a lot of people that I hadn't saw for a long time. That ol' Alvin Weeks was there. I see Calvin, Jeff says is a quart low. That's the way Jeff talks. He is the damndest kid you ever saw. God, he and Joy will be playing cards or something and you'd think they'd start to hitting each other any minute the way they cuss and raise hell with each other and bawl each other out. He's a cute kid. He is a witty bugger. One day up there he

had a pair of them joggin' trunks on, you know, and the hind pocket was just about tore half off and I said, "How in the hell did you tear that pocket, Jeff, climbing through a fence?" "Naw," he said, "I kept telling that girl I had to go home." That was a pretty good one, I thought. He's always comin' up with something like that.

Him and Joy went up to visit Kirby and Jackie one time when I was out here. They went up there. Anyhow, they called back down and I was talking to Jeff and I says, "When are you coming back?" "Quick as I can get the old lady sober enough." Boy it didn't take Joy long to get over there and jerk that telephone out of his hand, tell me when they was coming back. But he just pulls that kind of stuff all the time.

DB: Yeah, I've heard him talk like that.

Derrell: He likes Troy.

DB: Yeah. Troy likes him, too.

Derrell: He was tellin' me about working with Troy. I tease him about his long hair all the time. He got some whiskers, now he claims he's going to shave Sunday night. Wasn't goin' to shave till Sunday. So, when I got here, first he had a little ol' mustache. When I came back afterwards, he'd shaved it off. I told him, "Decided that thing wasn't going to mature?"

DB: How come you decided to get an apartment in Salt Lake instead of out here?

Derrell: Oh, I don't know, I'd lived there in that same building. I kind of don't mind living out there. I walk down town all the time during the day. I never drive down. Hell, it's only five blocks from town. I feel a lot better since I left Arizona. 'Course I was run down bad down there. Nell was sick so long and I was taking care of her. I'd get up a half a dozen times at night, you know. Two nights before she died, I never even took my clothes off. She'd call me every thirty minutes. Them damn doctors operated on her for gallstones. I don't think it was ever necessary. She had so much gas in her and was just in misery all the time, you know, and after that operation, she was just as bad, no difference. She filled up with water and then when she fell and broke her hip why...

End of tape.